GABRIELS SALVTATION TO MARIE.

MADE BY IAMES COCKBVRNE.

Ingreſſus igitur Angelus ad eam, dixit, Aue gratis dilecta, dominus tecum eſt, benedicta tu inter mulieres. Luc. 1. 28.

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TO THE AVTHOR.

GO proſecute that ſacred courſe of thine,
And vſe the ſubiect that's vnuſde too long.
The frutefull treaſures of a rich Ingyne,
That's ſpent approuing right diſproning vvrong,
May make diuinitie ſeeme more diuine:
Whilſt by a rauiſhde ſoule diuinelie ſong:
This in all myndes doth great delight infuſe,
To heare things heauenlie of an heauenlie muſe.

W. A.
of Menſtrie.

TO THE HONOVRABLE LADIE OF HIGHEST HOPE MISTRESSE.
Ieane Hammiltone, Ladie Skirling.

HOnourable Ladie, hauing nothing of vvorth to preſent your Ladiſhippe, I haue preſumde to offer to the Schryne of your gratious clemencie the humble ſacrifice of my deuote ſinceritie: vvhereby I haue bevvrayed rather a vvill to obey, then any skill to deſerue your Ladiſhips protection. For (vvell I vvotte) theſe fevv diſordered lynes are too vveake a prop to beare the burthene of your al-fleing fame. Yet calling to mynde your Ladiſhips vvorthie diſpoſition, I am perſvvaded my attempts vvill rather be buryed in ſilence, nor ſmyled at vvith diſdaine, and the rather becaus I am obligate your Ladieſhips in all devvties euer and euer. From Cambuſnethane the xxv of December.

James Cockburne.

INVOCATION.

WHat tyme the Cock vvith vvyde diſplayed vving
Did beate his breaſt, and then proclame the day:
His peirſing note vnto my thoughts did bring
My devvties all, and firſt hovv I ſhould pray.
Then on my knees I turnde me vvhere I lay,
With mourning ſpeech euen thus I did begin:
O Lord, I thee beſeech thy iuſtice ſtay:
Call not to mynde the lyfe I liued in.
Grant me thy ſpirite that I may rightlie rin
Vnto that Lambe that did thine rigor meaſe,
To offer thee by him for higheſt ſin
A broken heart for burning ſacrifyce:
Then I beſought that all the three in one,
The vvorke vvould bleſſe my pen had undergone.

TO THE HONOVR-
ED LADIE OF HIGHEST HOPE
MISTRESSE IEANE HAM-
miltone Ladie Skirling.

NOT to the vvorldling vvaltring in his vvealth,
Nor to the vſurer recounts his gaine:
Not to the ſicke, vvhoſe thoght is on his health,
Nor to the inſolent of lyfe prophane:
Not to the ignorant of brutiſh braine,
Nor to the ſtupide Stoick vvill I ſend thee:
Not to the learnde, vvhoſe knovvledge vvith diſdaine
Will ſcorne the Poet that ſo lovvrdlie pende thee:
Not vnto babes, vvhoſe age cannot defend thee,
Nor ſilver-ſeeking Minſtrels for to ſing:
Not vnto careles men, vvho vvhen they end thee,
Vncloſde vvill thee vvithin ſome vvindovv ſling:
But to a Ladie ſvveet I vvill thee offer,
Who hauing reade thee, cloſlie vvill thee coffer.

THEN faireſt faire, vvhoſe matchles maners mylde,
And hautie thoughts diuerſites high affection:
Who might haue beene the mother of that Childe,
If any Gentile had beene in election,
But ſince it is (I ſpeake it vvith correction)
Thou art no Ievv; but in the Ievv indented
By grace, loue, mercie and by free adoption
Of that great God our miſerie preuented:
Then praiſe his Name the vvay ſo vvell inuented,
Praiſe thou the ſpirite that ſanctified the birth,
Praiſe Ieſus Chriſt ſo freelie that conſented
To cloath his god-hoode vvith the filthie earth:
Praiſe all the three, they onely craue Peccaui,
Changde hopeles Eua in an happie Aue.

GABRIELL HIS SA-LVTATION TO MARIE.

1.

OVT from the orders of the Angels all
Sings holie hymnes about the throne of grace,
The Lord commands to come vnto his call
The winged Gabriell, ſtraight to embrace
An happie charge for Eues vnhappie race:
Who ſince hir husbands fall had lyen within
The foule alluring baytes of filthie ſin.

2.

Swiftlie he came, ſweetlie the Lord did ſay,
Thou that hes oft my meſſage borne in yre
Kings to deſtroy, and countries did deny
My god-hoode great, with hote conſuming fyre:
Go now in peace, let all thy rich attyre
Be Azure hew, bright ſtarres therein thou fix,
I will my juſtice with my mercie mix.

3.

I will redeeme, recall, I will reclame,
Not by deſert, but by adoption,
Not for their merites, but my glories Name,
No not compelde, but at my option
The houſe of Iacob by my onelie Sonne,
Borne of a Mayde, and the beleeuers all
That breathes beneath my euer-mouing Ball.

Lib. Bibl. Fac. Jurid. Edin.

4.

I will perfite my promiſe made indeede

To the firſt man through facilnes that fell:

That his begot ſhould bruſe the ſerpents head,

Whoſe birth in bewtie ſhould the reſt excell,

Then where that Virgine reſts I will thee tell,

Of all the Tribes that I haue taine for choſe,

The famous Nazareth doth her encloſe.

5.

Pure are her thoughts, chaſte are her actions all

Firme is her faith, and feruentlie doth pray:

Diuine in Spirite, deuote on me to call:

Reſolu'd in heart, at euerie houre to pay

The death her dew, or yet content to ſtay.

So are her vertues knowne, ſo flyes her fame,

Betrothde ſhe is, bleſt Marie heght her name.

6.

Salute the mayde with humble dewties dew,

Diſcharge my charge with reuerence and feare:

Seene ſhall it be, (although it ſeeme vntrew)

That of my Sonne ſhe is the mother deare:

For when with glorie great thou drawes neare,

And warbles forth thy voice, thou ſhall perceaue

The holie Spirite the Sauiour conceaue.

7.

Thus ſaid the Lord, when Eoles windie Fanne

The weeping dew from tender trees had rent,

And when the horned-Moone with viſage wanne

Her borrowed light had back to Tytan ſent,

That all the night before he had her lent:

And this he ſaid, while all the hoſte of heauen

Proclaimde his glore for ſuch commiſſion giuen.

8.

And hauing ſaid, his armes abroad he threw,
And bleſt the meſſinger before him lay:
Then ſilent ſat, away the Angell flew,
And in the Aire his wings did wyde diſplay:
He claue the cloudes and cut the vapors gray,
He made the heauens admire, the waters wonder,
To ſee his glore, and heare his thuds of thunder.

9.

With holie Canticles and hymnes he ſings
The ioyfull newes of mans ſaluation,
In flames of fyre were grauen betweene his wings
The Birth, the Buriall, and the Paſſion
The Death, the Ryſing and Conception,
Of Ieſus Chriſt, yea and the totall ſumme
Of all his wondrous works that were to come.

10.

Dronke with delights, ſweete Nazareth he ſoght,
That place he compaſt thryſe aroud and ouer,
In Maries preſence ſhortlie is he broght,
Graue was his grace, while he on wing did houer,
At laſt his heauen-borne ſight he did vncouer:
And with a ſhudder all the houſe he ſpangled,
With twinkling dew vnto his plumes were tangled.

11.

Amazde at firſt, but not greatlie agaſt,
To ſee his glorie great, ſhe changed hew:
A bluſhing rednes ſwiftlie came and paſt
And dayntilie her whitenes did ſubdew
The lightning rayes that from her eye-lids flew,
When ſodaine ioy made tumbling teares ouerflow,
Would ſoone haue ſet an heape of hearts on low.

12.

The firſt ſeene ſigne of her trew chaſtitie
Round fleeting flew, and cannopyed her ſkinne,
Two frothie globes of equall quantitie
Playde on her breaſt, with vaynes blew, bluſhing thin:
Her tempting mouth aboue her dimpled chin,
  Her rankes of pearle, her halfe vp-ſpreading Roſes
  Still other kiſt, while ſtill each other cloſes.

13.

Betweene the branches of her bodie lay
Great Egypts wonders in the holie Print:
Whereon ſhe reade, and hauing reade would ſtay
To meditate, how Moſes meeke was ſent
To that proud Prince, who neuer would repent,
  Till all his Chariotes, wheeles and Aſſle trees
  Indented were with ſandes amidſt the ſeyes.

14.

Whiles would ſhe turne and ouer-turne the leafe,
Whiles grauelie gather vp ſome ſentence darke:
Whiles ſadlie ſit twixt doubting and beleefe,
How the firſt age was cloſde within an Arke:
Whiles with her formeſt ioynt ſhe would remarke
  The trimbling ſacrifice that Abram old
  Made of his tender Sonne with courage bold.

15.

At laſt her heart did kindle vp her ſpirite:
Her ſpirite commanded both her knees to bow.
On yeelding knees the Lord ſhe did intreate,
Her pithie prayers pure he would allow,
Which in his preſence there ſhe did avow:
  Deſyring that in heart he would reſolue
  The apprehenſions high ſhe did reuolue.

What meaneth [illegible]
Whoſe glancing [illegible]
What meanes the winged [illegible]
The ſecond A[illegible]
What boy it is [illegible]
With Angels [illegible]
Glorie to God, and peace [illegible]

17.

At theſe her words [illegible]
His beauties bl[illegible]
For loe, the ſanct[illegible]
Proclamde [illegible]
Hayle Virgine pure, [illegible]
Hayle [illegible]
[illegible]

18.

Hayle Marie [illegible]
Beloued of God, [illegible]
That of the ble[illegible]
This onelie bleſſing [illegible]
Then to diſcharge [illegible]
I bleſſe th[illegible]
I bleſſe [illegible]

19.

The holie, happie ſalutation [illegible]
New admirations [illegible]
W[illegible]
Vnto the win[illegible]
Am I a mother [illegible]
Or [illegible] ſhall I be loathed,
Whoſe [illegible]

20.

Free flies my thoughts, vnſpotted is my fame,
I loath all companie that may allure,
I ballance not my pleaſures with my ſhame:
With Iepthes girle I liue a Virgine pure,
I ſcorne to be enrold as Sichems [illegible]
Therefore the Lord in his appoynted day
Will graunt ſaluation to this [illegible] of clay.

21.

I neuer [illegible] ſecret [illegible],
To Tymbrell ſound I neuer caroll ſong:
I neuer danced in [illegible] greene,
Sheepiſh [illegible] nor mouing Meaſures long:
Earings of gold in [illegible] hang,
Lyke twinkling ſtars, [illegible] ſmyle:
With rolling eyes, [illegible] ſtyle.

22.

I neuer ſhew my ſhin [illegible] globes,
To giue the [illegible],
I neuer walked in [illegible] robes,
The feeders [illegible],
Dittayes [illegible],
I neuer [illegible] face,
Nor [illegible].

23.

No Marie, no, thy ſpotleſſe thoughts are knowne,
Thy faith is ſeene to the all-ſeeing eye:
Through all the earth thy bleſſings ſhall be ſhowne,
Then feare thou not [illegible],
The Spirite in God ſhall ouer-ſhadow thee:
By him thou ſhalt conceaue that Holie one,
That ſit for euer ſhall in Dauids throne.

24.

Great ſhall he be, his Kingdome ſhall [illegible],
Ouer all the houſe of Iacob ſhall he ſway:
All power ſhall be granted him aboue,
The corners of the earth ſhall him obey:
The Gentile Kings to him ſhall tribute pay
  Vpon their knees in honour of his birth,
  At Bethlem, with gold, incenſe and mirrh.

25.

Heauens ſoldiers ſhall ſcumme the topleſſe skyes,
And ſound the phamphers of his fame on hie:
Preiſts, Prophets, Patriarks with holie cryes,
That night about poore ſheepherds heads ſhall flie:
The Angels and Archangels in degrie,
  And winged Cherebins with warbling voice,
  Round in a ring ſhall mightelie reioyce.

26.

With all the bleſſed troupes Hyerarchies,
As powers, thrones and dominations:
Bleſt Seraphins and Principalities,
Victorious Martyres with immortall Crownes,
Young innocents, pure virgine whoſe renownes
  Gainſt all aſſaults haue keept their chaſtitie,
  As mid-wyue skild that office ſhall ſupplie.

27.

Now while theſe melodies ſhall mountaines moue,
And euerie Angell ſhall another leade:
This wonder wondrous for to approue,
Each ſheepherd ſhall tune on an oaten reade,
With lylting lowde faſt home-ward ſhall they ſpeede:
  And cauſe the countrie people all conueene,
  To praiſe the Lord, for wonders by them ſeene.

28

Then ſhall the Ocean tumble vp her ſand,
And preaſe her bounds to breake, thy Sonne to ſee:
The wandring ſtarres ſhall twinkling ouer him ſtand,
Which was the guyde to Perſians Princes three:
The fyrie lampe of heauens blew Canopie
   Leſt he be laſt his ſeruice to aduance,
   Shall giue thy babe good-morrow with a glance.

29.

All fleſh ſhall ioie, all Nations ſhall haue peace,
Sybillaes prophecies no faith ſhall haue:
By him the Delphin Oracle ſhall ceaſe,
The Gentiles gods no longer ſhall deceaue:
And if thou would of me this queſtion craue,
   What name he hight theſe errours ſhall expell,
   Manie they are, but firſt Emmanuell.

30.

The Gentiles hope, and Iacobs morning ſtarre,
The rocke of rayne, and the corner ſtone:
The flower of Ieſſe, that doth ſent ſo farre,
The trew Meſſias, and that holie one:
The Prince of peace, the Reſurrection
   A Chriſt, a Ieſus and a Sauiour,
   A Lambe, a Silo and a great Paſtour.

31.

The furniſher of faith, the mercie-ſeat,
The Sanctuarie great of mans refuge,
The Lords annoynted and his rewler great
The word, the way, the Prophete and the Iudge:
The Ruther of the Arke in the deludge:
   The bread of lyfe, the Alpha and the end,
   The Doue that Noe in his Ambaſſage ſend,

32.

The well of lyfe the bread ſent down from heauen,
His Fathers Image bewtifull and faire,
Brightnes it ſelfe, to whome all glore is giuen:
The firſt begotten and his Fathers Aire.
The ſerpent ſtrong the helles all-ſpoiler
The biſhoppe of our ſoules and brother deare,
Bleſt be thy bellie ſuch a babe doth beare.

33.

Now while this winged Spirite had told this tale,
The ſweete alluring lookes and comelie grace,
The mayde that at his entrie ſeemed pale
Shynde lyke the brighteſt beames of Tytans face,
Dread left her thoghts, feare gaue high ioy the place,
Her eyes eares, heare, and tongue were all content
Vnto his happie charge to giue conſent.

34.

Thou the Creator of all creature
That formed the globe, the morning and the nights,
That ſet the ſeyes, and made the aire ſo pure,
That ſpangled all the heauens with fyrie lights,
Confirme thy promiſe made in all our ſights:
And let thy hand-mayde finde that happie bleſſing
Which Iſraels Dames could not obtain by wiſhing.

35.

With hyſſope purge and purifie my heart,
Direct thy Spirite to cloath me with his wings:
Thy graces great on me, pure me impart,
Mount vp my earthlie thoghts to heauenlie things:
And ſince that I euen of the King of Kings,
The mother am, Lord lift my voice on hie,
With ſome ſweete ſong thy name to magnifie.

36.

As this he ſaid, the ſweete renewing Ghoſt

Cled with a cloud begouth to doe his dew,

With glorie great he fild the houſe almoſt,

Like to a Turtle white his Image grew:

Betwene the Angell and the mayd he flew

With ſoft, ſweete, ſober courſe, and then did light

Betwene her lips, then vaniſht out of ſight.

37.

O far-fetcht fainting breath, ô chiuering chin,

O flightring heart, and eyes entombe in teares,

O hollow warbling throate, now, now begin

With neuer tyring tune to fill the eares

Of euerie creature my bleſſing beares:

O happie ſoule, ſee thou theſe verſes warpe,

Lyke theſe ſometymes were ſung to Dauids Harpe.

MARIES SONG

THE Heauens eternall al-foreſeeing King,

Our thoughts deepe ſearcher, Natures father great

The worlds ſtrong Mouer, founder of all thing

Within the round and the infernall pit:

Strange graces hes he granted vnto me,

That without ſin I ſhould ſing lullabie.

From high he hes beheld my pure eſtate,

And made my flightring Spirite his praiſe proclame:

His kindnes hes no periode nor date,

To all him loues, all holie be his name,

The proud he hes deſpyſed for loue of me,

And bids me ſing on high ſweete lullabie.

He hes deiect the mightie from their thrones,
And mounted humble hearts of pooreſt ſpirites,
Refreſht he hes the hunger-ſteruing bones
Of ſimple ſoules lay begging by the ſtreete,
He hes ſent downe his Angell vnto me,
And bids me rock the babe with lullabie.

That happie promiſe now he will fulfill,
Made in ſweete Edens glauncing gardene gay
To Abram on the ſacrificing hill,
To him whoſe Harpe draue Saules euill ſpirit away:
He hes reſolude the mother I ſhould be
To his deare deare, and ſing ſweete lullabie.

For which ſweete ſong the gwerdone ſhall be giuen,
When hopeleſſe age hes poynted out my end,
The fourth place in the Diamantiue heauen,
Where troupes of winged ſpirites ſhall me attend:
And on the earth each age ſhall ſpeake of me,
For ſinging their ſweete Sauiours lullabie.

FINIS.